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A DIFFERENT ORDER OF COMMUNICATION

by Margaret Can

Participants in TMI residential programs form close bonds with each other and become sensitized to the most subtle communication. That sensitivity allowed Sustaining Member Margaret Can to hear a message from a friend who had crossed the bridge between dimensions.

I kept a photo from my April 13-19 *GATEWAY VOYAGE*® in 1996. There we are. A room full of strangers when we met—kindred spirits when we parted. Jackie sitting on the couch, me coming down the stairs, the last to arrive. Jackie wrote me in May, 1996. I hadn't heard from Jackie since then, though thoughts of him and other *GATEWAY* friends passed through my mind from time to time.

On July 11/12, 1997, I had a vivid dream which I remembered (a rare occurrence for me). In the dream I was in a moving vehicle with a man seated in front of me. I chatted continuously to the man's back. Finally he turned around and I recognized my friend "Richard" who died three years ago. In delight and surprise, I said, "Richard!" He paused for a long moment, then answered, "Yes."

We crossed a long bridge and came to an open grassy area with a square stone floor in the center. We got out of the vehicle. The man I called Richard hugged me. I felt great physical strength, great gentleness, great love. I didn't see Richard again, but the dream rambled on—a building off in the distance, people around the outside. I went there, pushed a button on the outside, and curtains closed around the square stone floor in the middle of the field of grass. The next morning as I recalled the dream, I suddenly remembered that the man in the dream who I'd called "Richard" had dark brown eyes. Richard's eyes had been blue. At that moment, I recognized Jackie as the man in my dream. I sat down and wrote Jackie that I'd dreamed about him and wondered what new adventures he'd had in the last year, and I waited for a letter in return.

Two weeks passed and a letter arrived—not from Jackie but from Jackie's daughter, Valerie, who I had not known existed. Valerie said she had to write me because she found a letter from me that her father kept. The letter was written on her father's birthday, May 14, 1996. Valerie wrote, "My father was killed in an automobile accident on July 4, 1997." My dream was the day of Jackie's memorial service. Jackie came to tell me goodbye, and the hug he gave me felt exactly like his goodbye hug when we left *GATEWAY*—strong, gentle, loving... Jackie. Thanks for being with us.

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